Volume LXXXII CHICAGO, October 17, 1918 Number 6

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

COURAGE, ALL!

Old gods, avaunt! The rosy East is waking,
And in the dawn your shapes of clay are shaking:
Ye broke men's hearts, and now your own are breaking.

Over all lands a winged hope is flying:
It goes without reproof, without replying:
It bears God's courage to the dulled and dying.

The rusted chain that bound the world is broken;
A new strange star pricks down the night for token;
And the Great Word is waiting to be spoken!

—Edwin Markham

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1918 NUMBER 6

Every great question before the American people today is a world-question, and must finally be settled at world-tribunals and according to everlasting principles that obtain in all nations, underlie all ages and over-arch all righteous courts.

Violent words are the seeds out of which violent deeds grow. The patriotism that reveals itself in bitter phrases and passionate denunciation is a menace to the country it professes to honor.

J. LL. J.

The members of the UNITY staff wish to express their appreciation of the many beautiful and understanding tributes to their Editor-in-Chief which have appeared in the columns of some of the exchanges which come to the UNITY office. Doubtless there are a number of others which have failed to come within our notice, but we extend grateful acknowledgment to *The Christian Century, The Friends' Intelligencer, The Universalist Leader, The Jewish Sentinel* (articles by both Rabbi Schanfarber and Mrs. M. L. Purvin), *The Reform Advocate, The Summerdale Greeting, The Chicago Israelite, The American Israelite, The Public, The Christian Register, The Jewish Voice.*

Among the dailies which have considered editorially the life and work of Mr. Jones are: *The Capitol Times* (Madison, Wis.), *The Springfield Republican, The New York Evening Post, The Boston Herald, The San Francisco Star.* Excerpts from these will appear in our Memorial Number, late in November. Memorial services for Mr. Jones are being held in many parts of the country. An account of one of these has been sent us and appears in another column. Q.

When will we ever learn that the Daily Press is merely the Party Gossip? Of course it was from the Daily Press we drew our conclusions about the defeat of woman's suffrage. It was not only Democrats but Republicans that failed. On the altar of Party Politics, the bane of our existence, democracy was again sacrificed. The war is indeed an "acid test"; we look for statesmen and find ward heelers magnified as legislators; we look for ethical leaders and find sons of Adam; we look for servants of Jesus and find his crucifiers; we look for heedless, thoughtless men and women and find them by the thousands dedicated to unselfish service. And our boys—how they surprise us, delight us, disappoint us and thrill us. O. S. C.

If we have never prayed before let us pray now that the Spirit of the Lord may descend on our nation, that we may be strong for the ideals for which our boys went out to suffer and die. If it is not to be in vain, then must we stand solidly back of our President and the ideals he has sent forth to all the world as our Terms of Peace. Now is the soul of our nation on trial. May the Lord find us worthy to lead the nations into ways of righteousness and peace!

O. C. S.

The many readers who have enjoyed Mr. Earl H. Reed's two delightful volumes, illustrated by the pen of the author, "The Dune Country" and "The Voices of the Dunes," will welcome the announcement that a third volume is now ready, entitled "Sketches in Duneland" and illumined with such fascinating chapter titles, and, we assume, etchings, as "The Heron's Pool," "The Winding River's Treasure," "The Moon in the Marsh," "The Dream Jewel," etc., etc. The book is published by the John Lane Company of New York. Mr. Reed has just completed a very beautiful and satisfying etching of UNITY's Senior Editor in which he has successfully caught the quizzical humor so loved by all who knew him, as well as some hint of the inscrutable depths and heights behind it, equally characteristic of the Celtic race and of this Celt in particular. Q.

Before the next presidential election, the words pacifist and militarist will be all but forgotten and people will wonder why those words caused so much heartache and recrimination. Even now the issue is clearly defined that is to divide our people, nationalism on the one hand, internationalism on the other. The test is just ahead of us to prove whether our civilization is in truth a Christian civilization founded on the religion of Jesus, or one founded on selfishness and greed. Is it to be God our Father or the Golden Calf we worship? Nationalism will have all the appealing arguments on its side. We have heard them all before. Exploitation of weaker nations, that nationalism foredooms, will be called paternalism by some; by the others a "god-given mission of carrying the light of civilization to people in darkness," but the light-carrying business will be so managed that it pays good returns in dollars and cents, which the people in darkness will have to pay, and being not unlike ourselves

the people in darkness will feel abused and prefer their darkness to such costly light, and the cause of war will abide. Internationalism will be called visionary, impractical, impossible, for "human nature is as it is, always has been and always will be." But dreams have come true and visions have been realized, and it is only in pursuing some alluring vision that we have courage to go on. It is merely a dream, but might it not come true, that having once divided on some great vital issue that will split the parties as we know them now, we might go on, free from our corrupt, spoils-ridden, party politics, and divide on issues? Thus would this war lay low one more deadly foe to our democracy. O. C. S.

Still another democrat returns from Russia to report that democracy is not dead in that ex-country of the czar, and that law and order still exist at least in some parts of the nation. Raymond Robins is reported as saying that his special train traversed the four or more thousand miles from Petrograd to Vladivostok under a passport from Lenine which was honored without question by every one of the scores of Soviets through whose jurisdictions he passed; that he and his associates received every courtesy from the officials of the Soviets throughout this journey, papers and letters not even being examined, and that evidences of such wild disorder as appears in the columns of our daily anti-Russian press were few and far between. He is also said to regard the Soviet governments as representing real needs and beliefs of the masses of the Russian people. Thus Mr. Robins and Professor Ross and Lincoln Steffens and John Reed in greater or less degree unite in refuting some of the extremist statements of the daily press. It is doubtless true that these Soviets not only stand for but have accomplished in large measure a redistribution of the Russian land among the Russian people, and perhaps also a redistribution of the Russian industries among those who work in them, but have not the Russian people a right to a government which will represent their wishes, even though these may differ from the wishes of the people of other governments, and particularly from the wishes of those in other nations who own the land and the industries? Q.

Food Administration

With so many millions of hungry people in the world, surely we must continue long after the war to plant and harvest and conserve food that we from our abundance may feed the hungry. So far the voluntary conservation has been a burden to no one. The price alone causes the trouble. The substitutes for wheat flour have merely added to the interest of cooking, made the humdrum work of the kitchen interesting again.

The knowledge that every cup of barley flour knocks over a mug of beer adds to the sweetness of everything made of barley flour, though it needs no sweetness if made as we Americans know best of all others how to use flour in our quick-rising hot breads.

If we could not conserve for others, let us do it for our boys who are over there.

One boy on his first furlough in fourteen months writes: "This place makes Palm Beach look like a county fair, but oh the eats! such a chef! You must come here when the war is over to know what real meals are. They have everything, even potatoes, something we haven't seen at the front for so long I had forgotten just how good they are." Even potatoes!

But in all this talk and propaganda for food conservation, it is always food for the body. Is not the world as hungry for nourishing food for mind and soul?

The heart is hungry for joy. The mind hungers for solid food. The soul pants for living waters and from pulpit and press we, to whom the world turns for food, from our abundance are sending forth husks; to a world hungry for bread, we are sending stones. Not from the front comes the bulk of the "Duty to hate," the "righteousness of vengeance," "an eye for an eye," but from people on this side of the Atlantic. The boys tell us the people of France go back to their homes with no words of complaint, no talk of vengeance. It is their spirit that shames those who would complain.

The church is wondering how to meet the need of the new times. It will not be by planting tares and thistles. The boys will come home asking for bread. They are fighting this war and need no pen-pushers at home to instill hate and vengeance. All they ask of us is food of one kind or another. In the mad rush to supply food for cannon, guns, ships and hungry men, can we afford to neglect the food for heart and soul? War bread is all right for the body but not for the soul. There has not as yet been any substitute found for the religion of love to God and love to man on which the soul can thrive. O. C. S.

Parties Versus Principles

The great world-utterance of President Wilson in New York on September 27th with its fundamental demands for justice to all people and all nations, compares with Senator Lodge's recent "Keynote Speech for the Republican Party," in which he claims to set forth that party's ideas of the world after the war, as the deep notes of a cathedral organ compare with the blare of a tin horn. If Senator Lodge and those like him are to determine the policies of the Republican

party, then this nation will need to follow the adage which saved it once before in a great crisis in its history: "Never swap horses in the middle of a stream." President Wilson's speech deserves more permanent publicity than the daily press has given it. We print a few excerpts below.

His summing up of the issues of the war as they appear at present was as follows:

Shall the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the right of force?

Shall strong nations be free to wrong nations and make them subject to their purpose and interest?

Shall peoples be ruled and dominated, even in their own internal affairs, by arbitrary and irresponsible force or by their own will and choice?

Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations, or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress?

Shall the assertion of right be haphazard and by the casual alliance or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights?

The League of Nations, its constitution and the defining of its objects he said "must be a part, is in a sense the most essential part of the peace settlement itself." Among these essentials he specified:

First, the impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned;

Second, no special or separate interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all;

Third, there can be no league or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the League of Nations;

Fourth, and more specifically, there can be no special, selfish economic combinations within the league and no employment of any form of economic boycott or exclusion except as the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control;

Fifth, all international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known in their entirety to the rest of the world.

Statesmen who do not follow the clarified common thought of the people will be broken, in his opinion. He continued:

I take that to be the significance of the fact that assemblies and associations of many kinds made up of plain workaday people have demanded, almost every time they came together, and are still demanding that the leaders of their governments declare to them plainly what it is, exactly what it is, that they are seeking in this war, and what they think the items of the final settlement should be. They are not yet satisfied with what they have been told. They still seem to fear that they are getting what they ask for only in statesmen's terms—only in the terms of territorial arrangements and divisions of power, and not in terms of broad-visioned justice and mercy and peace and the satisfaction of those deep-seated longings of oppressed and distracted men and women and enslaved peoples that seem to them the only things worth fighting a war for that engulfs the world. Perhaps statesmen have not always recognized this changed aspect of the whole world of policy and action. Perhaps they have not always spoken in direct reply to the questions asked because they did not know how searching those questions were and what sort of answers they demanded.

He then voiced his desire to express the wish of the people in these matters, as follows:

But I, for one, am glad to attempt the answer again and again, in the hope that I may make it clearer and clearer that my one thought is to satisfy those who struggle in the ranks and are, perhaps above all others, entitled to a reply whose meaning no one can have any excuse for misunderstanding, if he understands the language in which it is spoken or can get someone to translate it correctly into his own. And I believe that the leaders of the governments with which we are associated will speak, as they have occasion, as plainly as I have tried to speak. I hope that they will feel free to say whether they think that I am in any degree mistaken in my interpretation of the issues involved or in my purpose with regard to the means by which a satisfactory settlement of those issues may be obtained. Unity of purpose and of counsel are as imperatively necessary in this war as was unity of command in the battlefield; and with perfect unity of purpose and counsel will come assurance of complete victory.

Q.

BELGIUM.

Land of long days of happiness,
Of pale gray skies and wind-mills tall,—
Wide is the world and thou art small,
But yet we love thee none the less.

Land of sweet bells and faith serene,
Of solemn sunset calls to prayer
Brooding above the darkened air—
(*But sweet bells jangle at Malines*).

By fair Liège, whose storied dead
Sleep in her great cathedral's nave,
The Meuse rolls on, with glittering wave—
(*Lo! her green current turns to red*).

At Bruges the belfry tells its tale
Of days when ugliness was crime,
And bids us hark the ancient chime—
(*I only hear a child's low wail*).

Namur o'erlooks fair lands outspread
Where hamlets of Brabant are seen
Standing knee-deep in meadows green—
(*Soft—'tis a new-made grave you tread*).

At Ghent the great bell Roland tolls
Where through six centuries long the tower
Has summoned freemen to their hour—
(*It mourns a thousand passing souls*).

And old Louvain, Louvain the wise,
Hugs to her breast the precious store
Forgathered of our ancient lore—
(*But hungry flames fill all her skies*).

And Ostend, by the gray North Sea,
Dreams of her ancient hardihood;
(*A sea more grim, of steel and blood,
Surges behind her ceaselessly*).

Howe'er the tide of battle roll,
There bides what none can burn or raze—
The Flemish spirit of old days,
The ageless freedom of the soul.

Land of long days of frightfulness,
For faith and honor crucified,
Though thou art small, and earth is wide,
We still shall love thee none the less.

DAVID STARR JORDAN,
RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

1915.

A Memorial Service to Jenkin Lloyd Jones at Humboldt, Iowa

For several reasons it seemed eminently fitting that Unity Church of Humboldt, Iowa, should hold a memorial service to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, as it did on Sunday last. First, an all sufficient reason is that no progressive liberal church can find a more fitting or profitable subject for an hour's service than a consideration of the life of this great liberal. Second, to Unity Church especially it was fitting because of his early connection with the church and its history. Third, because the present minister of this church, Mrs. Cora Van Velsor Lambert, has been a life long acquaintance and admirer of the man to be thus remembered, one to whom he had through many years shown friendship and encouragement in her aspirations. So, immediately upon the announcement that Mr. Jones had departed this life, our minister announced that the following Sunday service would be in his memory.

Back in the years prior to 1880 Jenkin Lloyd Jones, then secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, sought out a struggling little society worshiping in a school house in Humboldt, Iowa. He gave the few followers the benefit of his strong messages and his inspiring personality. The movement grew. In 1880 he was asked to come and assist in dedicating a church and in ordaining a minister, the Rev. Mary A. Safford. The society had been termed "Christian Union," but there were different suggestions as to the name by which this new church building should be dedicated. Finally Dr. Jones sprang to his feet and terminated the discussion by announcing, "I name this Unity Church," and as *Unity Church* it has been known from that moment and the society has since adopted the same name.

During the eighties and early nineties he frequently responded to invitations to lecture for us, to attend conferences here, and when our parsonage was built in 1892 he of all persons was called as the first and only choice for its dedication. This writer recalls as if it were but yesterday the introduction by Miss Safford, as the minister, on one of these occasions, "There are many Joneses but only *one Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*"

All this historical connection of Dr. Jones with Humboldt was impressively brought out by Mrs. Lambert in her memorial address, together with his great general service in the liberal religious progress of the last half century. She especially emphasized his work in Chicago in building and organizing All Souls Church and later the great institutional church, well named Abraham Lincoln Centre, and the benefit to the liberal readers of this country in the founding and maintaining of UNITY for all these years, as well as his numerous publications in book form. And perhaps of still more importance, though inseparable from the work of such a learned, progressive, liberal leader, was his great power for civic righteousness in Chicago and elsewhere.

The hymns and reading of the service were selected from Dr. Jones' favorites. Our minister was especially suited to this service as she was able to draw upon her intimate personal knowledge of the man to whom it was devoted, having been in close touch with his life and work in Chicago.

The writer finds himself unable to close without a word of personal tribute for the devoted and persistent part taken by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in connection with the great World's Peace Conference. It commands my most ardent admiration to think of his tenacity in the cause of Universal Peace and his vigilant and untiring efforts to promote other methods than those of war for settling international disputes. Eventually we feel this is inevitable. How long we must wait for the day we do not undertake to predict. May we not indulge the hope that the present great war may be fought to such a finish as will give the world a lasting peace.

September 23, 1918. G. S. GARFIELD.

Brightening Up the Rural South

One of the knotty problems which constantly absorbed the thought of the late Booker Washington was that of rendering the colored man content on the farm and in the South. He was anxious to see "the man on the land" surrounded by comforts, conveniences, and a certain air of plenty like the man in the city. The great agency which, in his mind, would lead to this would be a roomy, well-equipped rural school; one which would teach the rural children how to farm on a scientific basis, and above all, how to live. His vision was one of a school which would inspire the growing of flowers, the raising of stock, the cultivation of gardens all the year round, the teaching of girls and women how to care for the home and for the health of the family.

Somehow he made known his heart's desire to Mr. Julius Rosenwald, of Chicago, one of the Trustees of Tuskegee Institute. Mr. Rosenwald, quick to catch the vision, put at Dr. Washington's disposal an initial fund of $30,000. The fund was to allow a given community dollar for dollar up to three hundred dollars.

The land on which the school was to be built was to be owned and dedicated to the State. The experiment was to be made on schools near Tuskegee Institute, as much expense would be entailed in directing the building of schools at a longer distance.

If the plan succeeded, other counties and other States might be given the same opportunity.

There have been occurrences to stir the thinking black man of the South during the past half-century; but not until this fund was put in circulation were the great masses of colored people on the farms generally reached. Their struggles, sacrifices, welding of factions, form a unique chapter in the history of Negro progress in the South.

MARY JOHNSON WINS HER BATTLE.

The first village to avail itself of Mr. Rosenwald's offer was a town named Notasulga, about ten miles from Tuskegee. Just out of the town the colored people were seeking to put up a school building. As has been said, the very first requirement of the Rosenwald plan was that the community desiring aid should buy and deed its site to the State. Alas! this choosing a site was the golden apple rolled into the feast of the gods. Why should the colored people deed the site to the State? Would not the white people take their land away from them as soon as a school was put on it? Assured that such would not be the case, they raised the question, Where should the school be placed—near

the Baptist or near the Methodist church? The dogged persistence of one woman, Mary Johnson a woman past fifty, whose education is limited to making her signature, finally began the school. Not only the regular factions which one finds in almost any ordinary Southern community, but the teacher himself, opposed the idea of a new school. In order not to fan the flames, Mary Johnson after some years managed to have the teacher transferred. Then she organized a Five-Cent Club among the community children. She was ingenious enough to know that the children could make the parents put aside questions of creed. The little folks elected a treasurer and started to save. Never having had any experience in building anything, Mrs. Johnson and her people thought that when they had accumulated $45 they were ready to put up and dedicate their building. Thus resolved, they sent the treasurer, a young man, to the bank to get the money.

"Lawd, he don' went on by de bank, and we ain't seed him since," said Mary Johnson.

Not a whit discouraged, this woman next organized the women and began to make and sell sweet-potato custards, each woman furnishing a portion of the ingredients for cooking. She stood on street corners and in lanes and sold and begged from early in the morning till late at night. Again they started to build. This time they bought the lumber and put it on the spot. The old quarrel over the location of the school revived, the hauling of the lumber caused dispute, the planting of crops furnished excuses for "slackers." Before they knew it six years had passed. The lumber had rotted.

But the courage of Mary Johnson was not so easily put by. One Monday afternoon when the cold winds were howling without she sat down and began to rock and sigh.

"What's to matter with you, ma?" asked her daughter.

"Honey, I thinking 'bout dose poor chillun up yonder in dat ole school. No floor in dat house, and it full of cracks. Dey'll ketch dey death sho."

"Why don't you ask Tuskegee to help you?" asked her daughter. This she did. Happily, the plans for giving aid from the Rosenwald Fund had just been completed. Again she had to raise funds. She herself acted in several so-called "plays," supervised others, begged, coaxed, scolded. She gave her husband no rest. At length the building was begun. To make sure of success this time, she would go where they were building the school nearly every day and hand the workmen lumber, toss shingles, move rubbish. So unflagging was her enthusiasm that it attracted the principal of the Notasulga white school, who came several times to her entertainments, bringing his pupils and his friends. By the aid of the Rosenwald Fund she built the school, and, to use her own words, "Honey, I'm ready to die any time now."

SMITH STATION

Of no less interest is the struggle at Smith Station, a country district in the county adjoining the one in which Tuskegee is located. The school at Smith Station was a two-story building, with cracks in the sides and in the roof. The children recited downstairs and studied upstairs. The stovepipe from downstairs came out through the side of the building on the first floor. The smoke went into the upper story through the cracks, filling the pupils' eyes and lungs, creating a Bedlam of coughing, sneezing, red-eyed children—a scene thoroughly laughable were it not so tragic. Community faction, unwillingness to comply with the State laws, held these children in this worse than prison. The Rosenwald agent sent out by Dr. Washington—his son, Booker Washington, Jr., by the way, who is helping in this important work—allayed their mistrust of the State and settled the factional difficulties. A handsome two-room building with sanitary outhouses now stands in the old one's stead.

THE STORY OF AKRON.

Hale County, Alabama, is not yet famous for schools—neither in number nor in quality. Even the county seat, the most considerable town in the county, only recently floated bonds to build a school for white children. When the agent for the Rosenwald Fund went into the village of Akron, Hale County, assembled the colored people and began to urge the building of schools, he was confronted with "times are hard," "the war is on," "no money," "crops are poor," "cotton has fallen." As the audience paused for more excuses the oldest woman in the community—she was in her eighties—arose, leaning on her walking-stick.

"Y'all know," she murmured, "I got nothing. Can't hardly git 'nough to keep soul and body together. But ef dare is somebody willin' to gib half, I'll gib a dollar towards raisin' our haf."

The next day she got hold of ingredients somewhere, baked cakes, and, with her basket on her arm, hobbled forth to peddle cakes to raise her dollar. In her rounds she encountered the banker of the town, who, overcome by the spectacle of this old woman's endeavor, left his work and sought out the agent.

"Look here," said he, "if that old woman can give a dollar in that way, what ought the rest of us to do?" It took but a few months to put up the Akron school.

Three hundred Negro communities are now enjoying new schools as the result of Mr. Rosenwald's offer. Each village had its struggle, its problems to solve, before it could even proceed to raise funds for the building. But each community is brighter and happier because of the struggle.

THE TRANSFORMATION AT BETHEL GROVE.

Besides the provision of money for the new schools, funds were allowed for repairs and additions. This, again, raised peculiar problems, but in the end brought much light and life to the people. Whether the school was new or made new, the general effect has been the same. Problems have been solved in the community, good will has been brought about between the races, and better teaching and better living have been attained.

One of the first to qualify for repairs was the school at Bethel Grove, Macon County, Alabama. This was a one-room structure. Through the influence and the inspiration of the Rosenwald Fund it is now a five-room building. It has two big classrooms, which can be turned into one assembly room for community meetings, and into industrial rooms where children are taught to make erasers, bookcases, desks, shuck mats, pine-needle baskets—indeed, all things useful in rural communities, fulfilling the vision of Dr. Washington. The teacher lives in the schoolhouse. The teacher's kitchen is the classroom for teaching cooking; her dining-room is the classroom for teaching the serving of

meals; her bedroom is a classroom for teaching the care of the home.

Moreover, the school at Bethel Grove has introduced into its curriculum the care of children. Whenever a mother wants to leave home she understands that her babe or child may be sent to the school and cared for. If school is in session, and there is no little sister or brother to look after the little fellow, the children in school take turns in caring for it. If school is not in session, the teacher herself becomes responsible for its protection. Most often the older sister or brother sets the baby in a soap-box, ties a cord to the box, and draws the baby up, sled fashion, to the school. Here he stays and is well cared for until the mother's return from the field or from town. Thus we have in this Rosenwald school probably the first rural school day nursery in the South.

MACEDONIA.

For ten years or more there stood about six miles from the town of Tuskegee two rival buildings—a church and a lodge tabernacle; each structure vied with the other in decay—to see which would topple down first. They also rivaled each other in keeping the people divided, in keeping money away from the school. Even the Rosenwald offer to give money for repairs begged admission here two years before peace was declared. Then it was really beautiful. The church gave over its help to the school, surrendering its claim for the time. The lodge withdrew its claim on the building and land. The old two-story lodge tabernacle is now a schoolhouse downstairs and a teacher's home upstairs.

The whole school story here bristles with interest. The teacher has been here twenty-five years. She is said to have been the first person to register in Booker T. Washington's school. She has taught here in sheds, in shacks, in deserted buildings. It was she who might have perverted the saying, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" to "Trust in God and keep your fire-bucket full," for many times a day in one or two of the old structures she and her pupils had to rush out to put out the flames, the roof having caught fire from flying sparks.

Akron, Smith Station, Notasulga, Bethel Grove, Macedonia—these are all types of what has happened wherever a Rosenwald school building has made its way, either as a new structure or by repairs.

NEW BUILDING—NEW LIFE.

Stories of struggle and of conquest are interesting; but what is the real significance of the schools to the communities? First of all, what are these doing as schools? Do they merely stand as monuments to peace out of conflict? One is at a loss to select a testimony or two from the scores upon scores that have come in. One teacher in Hale County writes: "Our school building is already offering a splendid meeting-place for social gatherings. It has done much to improve the sanitary conditions of our community."

Another, from Strudwick, Alabama, says: "We have had less trouble in disciplining the one hundred and fifty pupils that we had this year [1916] than the eighty which were formerly enrolled. The opportunity afforded for doing industrial work has so stimulated our pupils that their class standing has far surpassed any previous year.

"Many of the young men and women who had stopped school have re-entered and are doing excellent work. We have also conducted a night class for the older people."

A Jeanes Fund supervisor, supported by the Anna T. Jeanes Foundation for Negro rural schools, writes:

"Night schools and schools for adults have been made possible [through the Rosenwald Fund], as the teachers live in these homes at the schools and do not have to walk one, two and three miles after teaching eighty-five or one hundred children.

"I have heard many parent-scholars remark: 'I have never known what the teacher had to undergo until I started to school. . . . I sho' can sympathize with our teacher now. . . . I am going to do more to help the school.'"

White County superintendents are almost as greatly moved by the Rosenwald Fund as are the colored people. They write:

"These school buildings in my county are serving as an impetus to the white people to put up better school buildings. Every community, white or colored, wants just such a building. Since the Negroes are exerting themselves to meet the conditions upon which this money is given, the white people are becoming more sympathetic and are beginning to admire and appreciate their efforts more for better education.

"(Signed) G. M. Barrett, Superintendent of Education, Chambers County, Alabama."

"Referring to the Rosenwald schools, one result has been the spirit of co-operation between the races. A new school adequately equipped has been a stimulus to community pride. The result has generally been to secure a longer school term and a more regular attendance of children.

"(Signed) Jas. L. Sibley, Alabama State Rural School Agent."

Without the Rosenwald Fund very few districts seek State aid. They have to raise too much money to build the kind of school the State demands. Valuable in itself, the Fund is even of greater service in that it puts large sums of money in circulation. Now it so happened that when Mr. Rosenwald's offer was made there were in the Alabama State treasury several thousand dollars for the building of schools. This money was to be distributed among the counties, which might use it if they put up schools according to State plans. Of course the State's money would put up a very small school. The community had therefore to supplement it. This gave the black man's dollar a double value; it commanded one dollar from the State and one from the Rosenwald Fund.

The following chart tells its own story, showing the amount given by Mr. Rosenwald and the amount which his donations have called forth:

RURAL SCHOOLHOUSE BUILDINGS.

Number of schools paid for by Mr. Rosenwald		300
Paid by colored people (including land, material, and labor)	$152,969.93	
Paid by white people (including land)	22,039.00	
Paid by State	82,430.00	
Paid by Mr. Rosenwald (promotion salaries)	4,072.81	
Paid by Mr. Rosenwald (promotion $50 a school)	9,772.27	
Paid by Mr. Rosenwald (building)	82,806.39	
Total paid		$354,090.40
Average cost per school		1,180.30

By colored people.	$509.89 or 43.20%
By white people..	73.47 or 6.23%
By State.....	274.76 or 23.27%
By Mr. Rosenwald	322.18 or 27.30%
Total	$1,180.30 or 100.00%

Thus, up to May 27, 1918, Mr. Rosenwald had given for Negro rural school building promotion and repair $96,651.47. In responding to this the colored people had raised $152,969.93, the white people had given $22,039, and the State of Alabama had given $82,430, making the total called forth by the Rosenwald Fund $257,438.93. Set this over against the total $96,651.47 given by Mr. Rosenwald, and you have the Fund really gaining on investment a little more than 266 per cent. That is, $96,651.47 given by Mr. Rosenwald put into circulation $257,438.93.

At the outset Mr. Rosenwald had given $30,000 to Dr. Washington to make the experiment. Pleased with his investment, he authorized in November, 1916, the building of two hundred more rural schools, permitting Tuskegee now to experiment in other counties in Alabama and outside the State. At present there is a Rosenwald school in nearly every state in the South. By the end of May final payment was made on the first three hundred schools built as a result of Mr. Rosenwald's offer.

Just what percentage of good has been done in school discipline, teaching and making colored people happy cannot be set down in words. In one town a poor white man gave five dollars. In another, the white children and the colored children got together and began to compare notes on what they were studying at school. The Negro children had industrial work, the white children did not. In a few days the white parents were protesting for handicrafts and the like for their children. At another Rosenwald school the children cooked and served a dinner to State officers, who went away thoroughly converted to Negro education. In another county the white farmers well-nigh blacklisted a neighbor for putting up a Rosenwald school on his plantation. Now each farmer is clamoring for a schoolhouse on his "place."

In the midst of the great migration of the black man to the North, Southern people are beginning to ask, Why? They themselves have answered in their big dailies. In brief, the want of better treatment for the Negro and for his children. Of the rural black people who choose to remain in the South, many will tell you that they are content because they have a good school for their children to attend, a friendlier understanding with their white neighbors, and a brighter outlook on life because of the Rosenwald rural school.

From The Outlook for July 10, 1918.

Brewers Waste Food

Hoover says:

"Brewers now use 4,500,000 bushels of grain per month.

This would make *five million loaves of bread a day.*

Grain sunk by submarines last year was *eight million* bushels. Grain used by American brewers last year was *sixty-eight million.*

By Emmett J. Scott, secretary Tuskegee and Normal Industrial Institute, Alabama, now serving as special assistant to the secretary of war, advising in matters affecting negro soldiers and citizens.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXX

Review

The course this year has fallen pretty definitely into three sections. The first ten lessons might be called lessons in anthropology, the science of man; the next group a study in sociology, not so much a study of the individual as of the community, the rise of the home, the church and society; and lastly, the coming into society of formulated law.

We started as far back as the astronomer could take us, came down deliberately with the geologist, and were rash enough to attempt to straighten out the biological life on the globe, the coming up from the simplest to the highest development of life.

Primarily the course is not intended to teach either science or mythology, but rather science and mythology in their ethical and spiritual connotation. Let us hope that it has helped us to realize continuity, unmeasured time, for out of this sense of the extension of time comes the spiritual contribution that we call patience. The time will come when we will look back on the strain and stress of this war and its campaignings as we now look back on the exploits of Bismarck, Napoleon, Cæsar and Alexander. Each in his day seemed to be defying and breaking up the universe. But they did not. In the light of our studies this war is a passing, a superficial episode.

So the first outcome of our studies, I hope, is a sense of patience, a sense of confidence, a faith so profound, so fundamental, so satisfactory, so assuring, that the conventional faith in texts and chapters, in priests and churches, in creeds and forms will be forgotten.

We have had to give up any conception of a creation of 6,000 years and a supernatural bible. We have had to realize the rise of the moral law through the slow experiences of life, the development of a community way back of Adam. We have seen that logically and chronologically the foundation of the fireside goes back to the bird's nest.

While admitting the seeming destructive and critical side of our work, we realize that the "no" of it is only superficial, yielding construction infinitely larger and more reassuring than do the creeds.

If the story of Genesis as history must be given up there is a much grander and more profound creation that takes its place. If the Bible falls into units of varying value and spiritual significance, we have come upon texts in an authoritative Bible that cannot be

doubted; texts we read upon the rocks, in the scripture of the stars, the beatitudes of the unfailing life of the bird's nest and the home.

If we have lost a conventional devil, a wrecked Paradise, we have found instead the imperfection, the immaturity, the inexperience of the child paralleled in the race. Humanity has been growing as the child grows in the home. How much more inspiring is such an explanation of life than to feel that we were created perfect, but that the devil with the help of Eve spoiled the plan.

We have been introduced into a very interesting field of information. In a thumb-nail way we have had the fundamentals of astronomy, geology and biology as related to human life.

We find as an outcome that the march of life has been upward. A Catholic writer makes the assumption that of all the centuries during which human life has been on the globe the thirteenth was most wonderful, that in that century more was done to bring in civilization than even in the nineteenth. However that may be, we have been coming up slowly and surely, ethically and intellectually. Individuals and individual nations may have gone down but the race has been coming up.

Thomas Carlyle, in perhaps his greatest book, Sartor Resartus, has given an analysis of life under the guise of dress, discussing our intellectual and religious garments. He writes of the soul in its attempt to clothe itself with fitting garments for the grown up life and to discard the clothes of childhood. In this process of analysis he finds the soul passing through what he calls the period of the "Everlasting No," a familiar road to an immense number of people today who recoil from the religious, ethical and spiritual traditions of their childhood. The preacher whose ministry is one of negation draws a crowd. Out of the "Everlasting No" the soul grows into the "Center of indifference." So far as the religious life is concerned many souls are today in this center, which is perhaps one reason for the popularity of women's clubs and men's lodges. Carlyle in splendid heroic fashion has been able to develop the soul out of the "Everlasting Nay" through the "Center of Indifference" into the "Everlasting Yea." There to the soul comes the joy of affirmation, the strength of conviction, the something to live for, something when necessary to die for, something to sacrifice for.

May we not hope that this class, while it has been plunged into the "Everlasting Nay" has reached in this course the "Everlasting Yea."

The yea of Santa Claus is sweet to the child, but the yea of the father and mother providence is sweeter and in it is the suggestion of the greater father and mother providence—the world. There you have reached the ground where the saints rest, the prophets live and where the martyrs have willingly died.

Washington Gladden, an intellectual, moral and spiritual guide of your leader, has told somewhere the origin of his "Ultima Veritas." On his way home from a Wednesday evening prayer meeting, which had taken on too much of the spirit of the "Everlasting Nay," he felt he had unwittingly encouraged it. He was dissatisfied, he could not sleep, and to ease his mind wrote this masterpiece of vision.

In the bitter waves of woe,
  Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
  From the desolate shores of doubt,—

When the anchors that faith had cast
  Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
  To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right;
  That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
  And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs
  The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
  Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
  That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
  For the beautiful feet of Peace:—

In the darkest night of the year,
  When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
  That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
  And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
  Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
  Is a love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
  I shall see Him, and I will wait.

PROFITS.

Yes, stars were with me formerly.
(I also knew the wind and sea;
And hill-tops had my feet by heart.
Their shagged heights would sting and start
When I came leaping on their backs.
I knew the earth's queer crooked cracks,
Where hidden waters weave a low
And druid chant of joy and woe.)

But stars were with me most of all.
I heard them flame and break and fall.
Their excellent array, their free
Encounter with Eternity,
I learned. And it was good to know
That where God walked, I too might go.

Now, all these things are past. For I
Grow very old and glad to die.
What did they profit me, say you,
These distant bloodless things I knew?

Profit? What profit hath the sea
Of her deep-throated threnody?
What profit hath the sun, who stands
Staring on Space with idle hands?
And what should God Himself acquire
From all the aeons' blood and fire?

My profit is as theirs: to be
Made proof against mortality:
To know that I have companied
With all that shines and lives, amid
So much the years sift through their hands,
Most mortal, windy, worthless sands.

This day I have great peace. With me
Shall stars abide eternally!

—*Fannie Stearns Davis.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO

The pulpit at All Souls Church is being well occupied by friends of Mr. Jones who share his spirit and believe in his work. On October 3, Miss Jane Addams spoke on "The World's Food Supply and Its Implications," dwelling on the international interests involved, the duty of each nation and particularly of this nation to do its share in feeding the world, after the war as well as now, and the hope that the readjustments after the war will include some plan whereby there may be no further lack of food among any people. She quoted Mr. Hoover's figures on his return from Europe in June of four and a quarter million dead in battle and four and three-quarter million dead from starvation. Miss Addams spoke with feeling of her grief and sense of loss in the death of Mr. Jones and of her sympathy with his people in their sorrow.

Last Sunday, Professor Edward A. Steiner of Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa, occupied the pulpit, coming all the way from Iowa for that purpose. Dr. Steiner spoke on "The Permanent Elements of Civilization," using for his text: "Save thy people, Lord, and lift them up forever." His address was a study of the causes for the decay of the great civilizations of the past and of the question whether, knowing these causes, we may not preserve our own civilization from similar decay. He pled for a continuation after the war of the present devotion to the common good, a broadening of the consciousness that there is no good that is not common, and for "a newer mysticism by which by oneness with one's fellows, by communion with all humanity, one comes into communion with God." Dr. Steiner also spoke of his respect and love for Mr. Jones, "the one real liberal" he had known. The large congregation present went away with the feeling that they had received a message which their former leader would have been glad to hear. Next Sunday, Zona Gale of Portage, Wisconsin, will read an unpublished story ,and the following Sunday Dr. Lewis B. Fisher will preach.

Q.

A VALUABLE DOG.

"Well," said Snaggs, "I think many dogs have more sense than their masters." "Yes," chimed in Craggs. "I have a dog like that myself." (And yet he couldn't make out why they laughed.) —*Tit Bits.*

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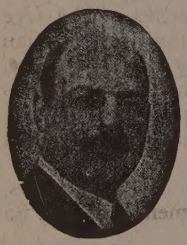

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